

THE DAYTONA GAZETTE-NEWS

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GAY, GIDDY ALICE.

Social Washington is holding its breath and watching Miss Alice Roosevelt.

Never since this city has been the home of the President has there been a young woman within the walls of the White House whose doings have been quite as peculiar. Perhaps "erratic" would be a better word. She is "going the pace" in a way that will, it is predicted, land her in a sanitarium or bring about a complete physical collapse within a very short time. She looks 30 years of age, instead of 18.

Scarcely an evening passes that does not find her the central figure in some ball, theatre party, with late supper after math, or an affair that I reek up about the time the milk man makes his rounds. Three nights last week she remained on until after 2 a. m. The great iron gates of the White House are never closed until after 1. During the McKinley administration they were seldom open after 11.

At the diplomatic reception early in the month, Miss Alice created a stir among the guests by standing in the corridor just outside the Blue Parlor and watching quarters with a couple of gold-leaved attaches of one of the foreign embassies. Soon after that she was engaged in a spirited conversation with another young foreigner and admired a medal that he wore.

"That is the order of the Seven Kisses," he remarked.

"I'll give ten for it on the spot," exclaimed the eldest daughter of the President.

The above Washington dispatch appeared in the Jacksonville Metropolis and likely hundreds of other dailies. It would seem that Miss Alice is leading a more strenuous life, if possible, than her father. Evidently she is a chip of the old block and those who are predicting her early collapse don't reckon the amount of dynamic energy pent up in the Roosevelt blood. If the young foreigner with the coveted medal had been of the Hobson type what an oscillatory stunt would have taken place! If the fair lady has a mouth like her father, ten words hardly have been sufficient to sample the nectar, and he could have thrown in a blister-raisers for good count.

Levity aside, Mr. Roosevelt ought to place a quietus on Miss Alice. He has given the people a much better administration than the most sanguine hoped for and such reports as this sent through out the land tend to bring him into disrepute.

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Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. 25c.

Cuban Music.

Cubans show a semisavage preference for such music as is made by a sort of hand composed of a stamp mill sort of a crank piano, a pair of sugar kettle tontons and a man with a horse-radish grater called a "guira" and a flat file with which to scrape it, the combined outfit producing a discordant potpourri that might easily dislocate the teeth of any self respecting hand saw. This example of music, as the Cubans fancy it, is even worse than the finger drumming and wire snapping musical murders committed in Tunisian bazars and Algerian cafes chantantes. The lauded but lugubrious Cuban national hymn is best esteemed when performed by one of these bands of inharmonious banditti, and the national dance, that monotonous combination of motions that suggests that the dancer is trying to shoe a flea off the small of his back and also go easy on a stone bruised heel, can only be adequately performed to the music of those African agitators of catgut, rawhide and perforated tin. The truth is the Cuban will have to learn music all over again.

Babies.

A baby is born at every beat of the human heart. That is more than one for every tick of the clock. These "living jewels" (as the poets call babies), "dropped unstained from heaven," take wings and fly back whence they came one for every minute of the day. From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 between 38,000,000 and 40,000,000 living jewels are dropped into this cold world.

There are more baby girls than boy babies. The proportion of female births to male births is as 100 to 90. So that between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 more girls are born in the world each year than boys. There is always a surplus of women, and the extra number of girl babies keeps up the supply.

The rate of infant mortality is enormous. In round numbers, 5,000,000 babies never live long enough to walk, 5,000,000 more never have a chance to walk or run and 5,000,000 more never get old enough to go to school.

CLIMATIC BEHAVIOR.

No doubt many strangers, arriving in Los Angeles within the last few days, have felt aggrieved by the inhospitable reception of what is familiarly known in the east as "the glorious climate of Southern California." The permanent dweller here can readily understand why eastern visitors should be inclined to protest against such climatic behavior. They did not travel thousands of miles to learn how it feels to wade in mud and drip with rain. And they have an additional grievance in the discomfort felt by most of them, at least, caused by seeming lack of red-hot stove and furnace accommodation. Los Angeles is not accustomed to house building with primary reference to the avoidance of death by freezing. Hence, when a period of rain comes there is apt to be considerable discomfort from cold and dampness.

The above quotation from the Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald is reproduced for the benefit of those who put on a long face and indulge in criticisms every time this section is visited with a rain. The writer has spent nearly every winter now for 19 years in some Southern state and is personally familiar with the climatic conditions from El Paso, Texas, to Daytona and there is no spot in all this Southland where one can go with any assurance of escaping an occasional rainy spell.

California seems to be no better off for sunshine she has her advantages and strong points just as Florida has. Those who go to any southern point expecting perpetual sunshine are doomed to disappointment. With Florida's incomparable citrus fruits, pineapples, oysters, fish and flowers, if we could add California's pears and peaches, Georgia's watermelons, Arizona's dry, invigorating ozone, Kansas' heated waters, New York's grapes and Niagara, Wisconsin's bear and sauerkraut, Massachusetts' beans and brooks, Colorado's preceptious cliffs and geysers, Oregon's big trees, Kentucky's rolling bluegrass swards and fast horses, Connecticut's ingenuity, Pennsylvania's politics, Illinois' perseverance and push and so on down the line of states, we should soon be so densely populated as to follow each other into the Gulf, the Atlantic and into Georgia—apologies to Georgia—but the All-Wise dispenser of blessings saw fit to distribute these things widely and Florida should be content as it is—with the lion's share.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box, 25c.

CONCERNING CALENDARS.

Among the Greeks and Romans all manners of calendars were not written for the general public, but were preserved as part of the esoteric learning of the priests, whom the people had to consult not only for the dates of the festivals, but for the proper times when various legal proceedings might be instituted. About 300 B. C., however, one Eucles Phylus, secretary to Appian Claudius, stole these secrets by repeated applications to the priests and collated the information so gained. It was really publishing an offense when, as Livy relates, Phylus exhibited the fasti on which tablets would be the forum. From this time slender tablets containing the calendar, the festivals, astronomical phenomena and sometimes allusions to historical events became quite common. They have been dug up in Pompeii and elsewhere.

There are also extant Christian calendars dating as far back as the fourth century, which give the names of the saints and other religious information.

One of the most famous of the calendars of the middle ages is that compiled by Petrus of Dacia in A. D. 1300. A manuscript copy is preserved in the Savilian library at Oxford. The Symbolical Man or Man of Signs (Homo Signorum), still a common feature in almanacs, appears in this book, not, it is conjectured, for the first time, as it seems to have been a survival from the time of Ptolemy's "Almagest," a collection of classic observations and problems relating to geometry and astronomy.

The first printed almanac was the "Pro Pluribus Annis," issued at Vienna in 1457 by an astronomer named Parbach. The earliest known almanac devoted expressly to the year of issue was published by Reinhold in 1533.

Thenceforth the year of issue became a character of the publication came to be definitely recognized by almanac makers. Nostradamus set the fashion of incorporating predictions of coming events into almanacs, a fashion that has continued to this day in all purely astrological brochures of this sort despite intermittent efforts to suppress it by royal authority in France and elsewhere.—Fra.

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A PARTING SHOT.

The editor of the Journal fathers a scurrilous half column of political rot that is infamously false. The stuff referred to bears the ear marks of gold democrat(?) Perhaps it would be better to say, "the trail of the serpent is over it all." The Journal will gain nothing by fathering such contemptible falsehoods.

If reports from a number of citizens hereabouts who have had dealings with the "gold democrat" (?) are to be given credence, it would have been far more appropriate for "gold democrat" to sign himself "a penny democrat" (?)

The Journal's loss in this controversy, in one way, will be the Gazette-News' gain—the penny democrat will go to the Journal office to borrow exchanges hereafter.

And now, very briefly, the penny democrat's half column: Very little of the reward for the murderers has been used. It was offered to call out the very best talent in the detective world.

The implicated murderers have been imprisoned; they would have been hanged if the democrats were half as mean as represented. Innocent republicans have been turned loose. There is no disposition in the world to punish any but the guilty. If "Evangelist" Zachary were a true follower of Christ he would put a clothes pin on his nose and walk out of the stench that surrounds his political horizon. "John Sweeney, an honored Christian minister," dropped preaching and went for political pie. A vigorous Lexington writer, not a democrat, said in his paper: "If we were going to bore for us—we'd plant our derrick in front of John Sweeney's church."

"Taylor an elder in the Presbyterian church," Just a few days ago J. B. Matthews, First Assistant Secretary of State under Pavers, tiring of stultifying his conscience, opened up a new chapter. Meeting Taylor just after the shooting he said: "I intend to make an investigation myself." The Christian elder replied: "Matthews, you are a d—d fool; don't you know you will get Henry Yontsey in trouble?" "I don't care, I don't propose to rest under statements that God had shot from this office, etc." Taylor said: "But my God, don't you know you will ruin us all if you go ahead?" Think of Taylor's being held up as a Christian gentleman. Sing-Sing is full of better men. Attorney General Pratt, another "Christian," was neither Attorney General nor Christian. Not everyone who says, Lord, Lord, etc.

There are hundreds of quiet, meek and lowly Christians (Disciples, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Catholics, Baptists, Methodists and so on, up in Kentucky, clergymen of unquestionable piety, who, were they to see the penny democrat's half column would say in their hearts, false, base! In ancient times old Asanius had divine worth visited upon his pitiless head for uttering no more at variance with truth. But, we are wasting ammunition intended for bear on a tomtit. If the Journal continues to play cat's paw for the monkey he is going to get his fingers very badly burned.

Favorite Family Remedy.

Frequently accidents occur in the household, which cause burns, cuts, scalds and bruises; for use in such cases Ballard's Snow Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 at J. M. Jones.

How a Snake Swallows a Frog.

The method of swallowing is a very simple one, although if the frog be large more than half an hour may be consumed in the process. The two bones of the lower jaw are separate and capable of independent movement; so the reptile loosens its hold upon one side of its jaw and pushing that side forward as far as possible it drives the teeth in again and draws the jaw back to its original position.

The result is that the prey is drawn down by the movement. The process is then repeated by the other half of the jaw, thus inevitably forcing the victim inward. The snake's skin stretches enormously, and the jaw is of course dislocated, but the extensible ligaments hold the bones together.

As Good as a Compass.

The compass plant of Asia Minor, known all along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and as far east as Arabia and Persia, is mentioned in the Bible, where the prophet refers to "that senseless thing which is more stable than man, inasmuch as it always points in the one direction." It is an annual shrub, much resembling our wild or false hodge, but with all the branches arranged along its stem on the north side. It is of the greatest value to travelers of those regions, who use it with as much assurance of being carried aright as does the seaman his mariner's compass constructed on the latest scientific principles.

A SUCCESSFUL DEVICE

[Original.]

In the autumn of 1876 I was traveling in Europe with my family, my wife and two little daughters, and the 30th of November found us at a small Russian village at which the railroad terminated. The distance to another railroad leading to St. Petersburg was about three leagues, and there was no way of getting over it except by means of a Russian tarantass. I hired the conveyance from the landlord of the inn at which we got a meal, paying the exorbitant price of 10 rubles. We were to have a driver who was to take the tarantass back to the starting point.

We had not been long on the road when I noticed that the driver was looking about him timidly, pricking up his ears and now and again turning backward. He and I both spoke a little German, and in this language I learned that it would soon be time for the wolves to be out in force, and he was dreading them.

"The landlord didn't mention wolves," I said.

"Certainly not. It would have interfered with his furnishing you the tarantass."

Horried at even a remote chance of encountering the hungry beasts, I was meditating turning back when there came a distant howl. The driver no sooner heard it than he gave the horse a cut which, with the fright that had come upon the animal at a sound he knew only too well, made him spring forward at a mad gallop.

"Why did you risk our lives, knowing of this danger?" I asked.

"The wolves rarely come in this region before the middle of December. This year there has been more snow than usual to the north of us, and it has driven them down here for food."

There was another howl, this time much nearer. My eyes met those of my wife, and both hers and mine said plainly, "This means death." We then glanced at our children, unconscious of the terrible danger, snuggled together under the robes, and our distress was fearful.

In passing through the more unsettled parts of Europe I carried in my hip pocket a medium sized revolver. This was the only weapon at hand. I took it out and examined the six cartridges I had no more to make sure they were in order. I knew that every wolf killed would delay the pack to devour the carcass, and if I could kill six wolves at intervals there was hope that we might get through to the railroad station in safety. I told the driver of my purpose, inquiring how far we had yet to go, and he replied that it was two leagues. He then began to lash the horse unmercifully, shouting to him like a madman.

It was but a few minutes now before the wolves left the wood, and one could see them in the road coming with lightning leaps. I told my wife to get down into the bottom of the tarantass with the children and cover herself and them with the robes. I watched the beasts snarling and baying at one another, and when the leader came within shot I aimed carefully between his gleaming eyes and forehead, and he fell. In an instant, as I expected, he was being torn to pieces by the rest of the pack. By this means I succeeded in gaining half a league before they came upon us again. My next shot was delivered just as the tarantass bounded in the air over a rut and was not effective. I fired again and dropped another wolf, with the same result as before in delaying the pack. When we were about a league from the station, I fired my fourth ball, but as it was getting dark my aim was bad, and I missed. I fired again and missed. I had but one shot left. Waiting till the foremost beast was within a few paces of me, knowing that there was but one shot left, I fired and dropped the wolf.

Why this carcass so slightly delayed the pack I do not know. At any rate, we had gained but a quarter of a league when they were on us again.

"I have no more cartridges!" I cried to the driver. "Make him do all you can."

"Give me a knife, quick," he cried. I took out my pocketknife and, opening the sharpest blade, handed it to him, not knowing what he intended to do. He leaped over, and a moment later I saw the horse leave the tarantass and, reeled from the lead, shoot on like a rocket. The man had cut the traces. Horror stricken at his act, knowing that the wolves would be on us at once, I crouched down under the robes. I could feel the tarantass sliding on till striking some object, it suddenly stopped. Meanwhile I heard the pack go yelping past us. Then I heard a frightful shriek from the horse. Throwing off the cover, I looked ahead and saw the wolves clinging to the poor beast.

"Come," said the driver. "They will soon turn on us."

He pointed to a house so far away that I knew it would be impossible to reach it in time. I was turning hither and thither to find some other straw to cling to when I heard shots issued, and there was a large Russian wagon, drawn by three horses, from which several men were firing at the wolves, which were galloping away toward the cover of a clump of trees.

That was the end of the adventure. Without a word my wife and I jumped into each other's arms, then embraced the children. At the house I have mentioned we got conveyance to the station, and I sent the driver back to his master with the message that while I was sorry for his horse, I would rejoice at his losing all the property he possessed. MARTIN B. OLCOTT.

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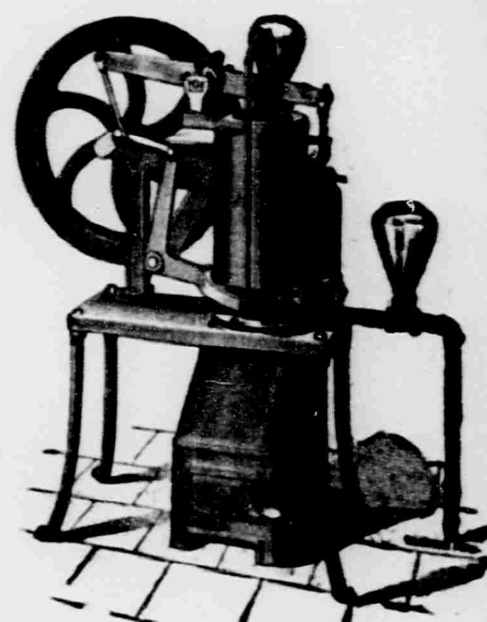
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